

WORDS  
BY  
P. A. BARNET

# THE "BUGABOO MAN"

KRIEHOFF

MUSIC  
BY  
J. E. NICOL



SUNDAY  
POST-DISPATCH  
MUSIC  
ALBUM

Supplement to the  
ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH  
SUNDAY, JUNE 10,  
1900.

Bonita  
and  
Me...

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**Moderato.**

**INTRO.**

**VOICE.**

1. Now lis - ten lit - tle chil - dren, I am  
 2. He lives on froz - en pud - ding, and puts

**TILL VOICE.**

going to tell you true, A - bout a dread - ful sca - ry - ha - rem  
 ice - cream in his tea, He plays the game of "freeze out" in a

sca - rum bug - a - boo. He's tall and wide and weird and wears a.  
 way you sel - dom see. Cold stor - age he in - ven - ted, and he



waist-coat made of ice. And when he smiles his coun-ten-ance is  
made the i-icy mit. His brand of frie-id si-lence makes a

*staccato.*

an-y-thing but nice. He's watch-ing out for lit-tle coons a-bout the size of  
most de-ci-ded hit. He's frap-ped hair and whis-kers, in his eye an i-icy

you, And if he gets a hold of you, I'll tell you what he'll  
glare, And the way he blows his nose it would make an-y bo-dy

do. He'll take you by your nos-es in the twink-ling of your eye And  
stare So now you lit-tle darkies must be-ware the ice-man grip If he



turn you in - to ic - i - cles and hang you up to dry.  
gets you in his clut - ches he will nev - er let you slip.

**Refrain and Chorus.**

He'll freeze your lit - tle toes, He'll pinch your lit - tle nose, He'll set your lit - tle

col - o'd ears a hum - min', Look out for "Jackie Frost," If he bite you, you'll be

lost, And ske - dad - dle if you ev - er see him com in! He'll - in! —